

# American Junior Red Cross NEWS



MARGARET WARING BUCK

# Apple Season

FRANCES FROST

Decoration by Kate Seredy

**C**ome up in the orchard with grass to your knees,  
for we're going shaking the apple trees!  
The boughs are laden, bent low to the ground,  
and the apples thud with a gentle sound.  
Bright red, dark red, smooth and gold,  
apples are sweet at the edge of cold!

Come up in the orchard with baskets now,  
for we're going picking the apple bough!  
Gather the firm bright globes of fire,  
climb to the gnarled bough, climb up higher!  
We're gathering apples with shout and song,  
and we'll taste summer all winter long!



# + AN ACTIVITIES CALENDAR +

## UNITED IN SERVICE THROUGH SCHOOL WORK

—Make a chart of classroom studies showing at least one way in which every subject can help you in Junior Red Cross service. *For example:*

Arithmetic and sewing classes might work together making some triangle bandages and compresses for First Aid classes. Ask your Red Cross Chapter what is needed.

In Junior High School art classes, members might make wall hangings and other decorations for Government hospitals.

Geography and current events classes can make maps for the bulletin board showing the United Nations; the week by week changes in the war; Red Cross War Relief projects like Gift Boxes; food packages for prisoners of war and trips of Relief Ships.

## UNITED TO WIN—Better Human Relations in the World.

Finish packing Gift Boxes.

Ask your Junior Red Cross Chairman for the list of gifts like school materials, toys to play with alone, games to play with others, materials for handwork. *More*



A.M.M.

## UNITED IN SERVICE BEGINNING THE SECOND TWENTY-FIVE YEARS—

Prepare for the annual American Junior Red Cross Enrollment Campaign November 1-15. Appoint a committee in each room to recommend ways of interesting every pupil in being a working member of the Junior Red Cross. Study opportunities for work suggested by the *Calendar* and the activities reported in the Junior Red Cross *News*.

Appoint committees to plan programs to give during the enrollment period. Report on accomplishments in which the American Junior Red Cross has led the way, and aims for the future.

*Examples of topics from which to choose:*

Opportunities for young people to share in American Red Cross Service to the Armed Forces. Find out about the war service of school children during the first world war; tell how American Junior Red Cross members have carried on ever since in service to Government hospitals. Tell about your opportunities today.

Other nation-wide work. *For*



# A Guide for Teachers

By RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

## The October News in the School

### United Nations

**M**ANY FEATURES this month will make more real to children ways of life among our allies, and in some of the outposts of the war: "Slowpoke S'lina," "Old Ironsides' of the Arctic," "Flag Stories," "Stepping Stone Island Children," "Children of the United Nations," "Russian Children on the Job," "Tin Salvage," "Tin, the Devil's Metal," "News Parade," "They Had Courage," "Alonsito and the Three Quests."

### Classroom Index

Pupils may find special interest in this number in connection with the following classes:

#### Art:

"Coons and Possums" (front cover), and other illustrations

#### English Composition and Reading:

"Apple Season," "They Had Courage"

#### Geography:

Canada—"Slowpoke S'lina"

Mexico—"Alonsito and the Three Quests"

Norway—"Snow Treasure"

South Seas—"Thunder Island"

U. S. A.—"Old Ironsides' of the Arctic," "Stepping Stone Island Children," "Susanna, the Pioneer Cow," "News Parade"

U. S. S. R.—"Russian Children on the Job"

#### Handwork:

"Flag Stories," "News Parade"

#### History:

"Old Ironsides' of the Arctic," "Stepping Stone Island Children"

#### Mathematics:

"Plan Ahead," "Fund Raising Can Be Fun"

#### Primary Grades:

"Alonsito and the Three Quests," "Coons and Possums," "Children of the United Nations," "Fund Raising Can Be Fun"

#### Units:

Animals and Pets—"Coons and Possums," "Slowpoke S'lina"

Climate—"Stepping Stone Island Children," "Old Ironsides' of the Arctic," "They Had Courage"

Conservation—"Apple Season," "Children of the United Nations," "Tin Salvage," "Russian Children Are on the Job," "News Parade"

Exploration and Adventure—"Old Ironsides' of the Arctic," "Stepping Stone Island Children"

### The Braille Edition

The following features from the October issue are included in the brailled edition sent to schools for the blind that are enrolled in the American Junior Red Cross: "Apple Season," "Stepping Stone Island Children," "Russian Children Are on the Job," "Plan Ahead," "Tin Salvage," "Tin—The Devil's Metal," "News Parade," "Flag Stories."

### Some Things To Do

Each feature in this issue can be made the basis for discussion or activity. Suggestions are:

"Slowpoke S'lina"—Conversation on "New Things I Learned about North America Last Summer," or "New Ways I Learned to Take Care of Myself"

"Old Ironsides"—Oral reports on different kinds of vessels today and the particular service that each is giving in the war. Pupils can bring in pictures illustrating the different kinds and can tell about launches they have seen in news reels.

"Flag Stories"—Proceeding with making flags of the United Nations or at least making drawings of the flags discussed this month

"They Had Courage"—Comparing dangers of pioneer life with dangers met today in jungle and Arctic battle areas; planning ways that Americans can show courtesy to the exiles among us

"Russian Children Are on the Job"—Planning one definite piece of service for men in our armed forces

"Children of the United Nations" and "Stepping Stone Island Children"—Preparing talks for the annual Junior Red Cross enrollment about ways that Junior Red Cross members of other countries are serving today

"Plan Ahead" and "Fund Raising Can Be Fun"—Making a budget for the year with plans for earning money monthly, both to keep the local service fund active and to make regular contributions that will maintain the National Children's Fund at a good working level

"Tin Salvage" and "Tin—The Devil's Metal"—Earning money this month for Junior Red Cross service by a special scrap metal conservation drive

"News Parade"—Finding one or more suggestions for Junior Red Cross service that can be adapted to your own group

"Alonsito and the Three Quests"—Finding Mexico on the map, talking about playing fair and working fair.

### "Plan Ahead"

There is need more than ever this year for advance planning and continuous effort in raising funds for Junior Red Cross service. In some Chapters the habit in the past has been to have a single campaign in the autumn when funds were raised for Junior Red Cross enrollment. The surplus became the Junior Red Cross Service Fund for the entire year, and what was left at the end of the year became the contribution to the National Children's Fund. With the new demands of the war period, the inadequacy of this method is felt more sharply than in quieter times. This year, it is hoped that members will realize their Service Fund and their National Children's Fund as a vital means for continuous and broadened service, in their communities and in their national and international relations.



# Developing Calendar Activities for October

## "United in Service Through School"

**I**N MANY SCHOOLS this year, there are fewer teachers and in all schools teachers have more duties than in preceding years. It is more important even than in past years that as much as possible of Junior Red Cross work shall be a part of the classroom experience, re-inforcing schools in the jobs that need doing.

The first column of the October *Calendar* reminds pupils that school has an immediate purpose today, in helping boys and girls serve their country through such activities as making gifts for our armed forces, sharing in local defense preparedness, strengthening national unity, and working for better human relationships.

Specific activities suggested in the *Calendar* should not limit service any month but should stimulate pupils in discovering similar, other ways of service.

## "Triangle Bandages and Compresses"

The triangle bandages suggested for practice should be folded in squares 36 or 40 inches wide. Hemming, though not absolutely necessary, makes them stronger and prevents raveling. If the bandages are of more than one color, it will be easier for First Aid students to see how more than one bandage may be hitched together when needed.

Bringing from home partly worn out sheets that are still strong or other material that is sufficiently tough for bandages can be a conservation activity for any grade. Measuring, cutting and folding will have greatest educational use in primary grades. The straight hemming can be done by anybody old enough to sew a straight strong hem.

A large number of practice compresses are also needed in First Aid classes. These can be made by folding little pads from smaller scraps of cloth. While such compresses are not sterile for practice, they should be kept clean—a reason for inspection of hands and washing if necessary; an opportunity, probably, for discussion of "surgical cleanliness" and avoidance of germs.

## "Wall Hangings"

Wall hangings made by Junior Red Cross members for recreation rooms of military hospitals have proved popular.

Ida L. Stubblefield, Art Director, Johns Hill, Decatur, worked out specifications for materials and designs that proved effective. The list is given as a suggestion to other art teachers, for ways of developing original composition. The only limitation is that the theme shall be one to interest adults; if the motif is juvenile it should be of a kind that grown-up boys find amusing rather than sentimental.

*Flower Panel*, 14" x 20", very brilliant flowers in turquoise blue container on unbleached muslin, with Prang dye

*The Duck Fisherman*, 14" x 20", brown log, sign "No Fishing." Duck white with green jacket, orange bill and feet, yellow straw hat and fishing pole. Unbleached muslin, 1 1/4" dark green border; crayonex

*Bird and Palm Fans*, 18" x 24". Bird is light orange with coral markings, green crest and some tail feathers, others bright coral. Palms are green and yellow. Hanging sedge is coral. Light blue vertical lines in entire background. Bleached muslin, 1 1/4" dark green saten border; crayonex

*Mallard Duck*, 18" x 20", naturalistic colors. Unbleached muslin; crayonex, stencil border

*Tired Mexican*, 14" x 18", bright naturalistic colors. Unbleached muslin; crayonex

*Moonlight*, 14" x 18", naturalistic colors. Light blue dyed bleached muslin; crayonex

*Peacocks and Flowers*, 18" x 24", bright naturalistic colors. Unbleached muslin; crayonex

*Decorative Bird*, 18" x 22", blue bird, cream yellow breast, orchid and blue violet flowers. Unbleached muslin; Prang textile dyes

*Air Craft*, 18" x 18", greys, red, black. Unbleached muslin, oil paints

*Card Table Covers*, with butterfly or ship design, 30", with 4" hem. Light blue denim with oil paint for design

## "Bath Mits and Finger Puppets"

The bath mits shaped like heads of animals can be used for finger puppets as well as for scrubbing ears clean. Features should be embroidered.

A pair of finger puppets, Punch and Judy, papa and mama, nurse and baby, etc., will give varied amusement, since the two, each operated by a hand slipped inside can talk to each other and act together. They may be made like unstuffed dolls with heads large enough to slip the middle fingers into, sleeves large enough for thumb and little finger and a long dress or coat to fall down over the hand and wrist.

## Enrollment

At the same time that members go to work at once on activities, plans are under way for their re-enrollment for the year 1943. Because the annual enrollment dates are in the beginning of November, suggestions for preparation are given in this *Calendar*. Re-enrollment any year is a reason for remembering what the Junior Red Cross has meant, and setting aims for present and future meanings. The topics and questions in the third column of the *Calendar* are designed for leads in classroom conversation and in working up talks for assembly or community programs.

## Earning and Serving

Children should not have to earn the money for their own support, but they benefit by beginning to learn about earning for some of their personal pleasure, for investment in their country through war savings stamps, and for their own service activities. For this, a consistent and continuous activity with steady contributions throughout the year is nearer like the earning activity of adults, and gives experience that is far likelier to form the desired outlook and habits.

In budgeting for both known and emergency needs, two examples at the national and international level will help youngsters to understand the need of maintaining the Service Fund and the National Children's Fund at a level where they can function when needed. American Junior Red Cross Gift Boxes have carried comfort and friendship to tens of thousands of children annually, all over the world. This is a known need. The local Service Funds make possible buying the gifts and the National Children's Fund makes possible their distribution where they are needed. On the other hand, the emergency appeal for shoes for several thousand Russian children, made destitute by the invasion of their home-land, was an emergency need that could not have been met if there had not been a National Children's Fund ready to be put to work.

*ideas*: A snapshot of your class; a handkerchief folded like a parachute with the corners tied to the hands of a paratrooper doll; a bath mit shaped like the head of a kitten, puppy or bunny; a pair of finger puppets.

Test your plan for every gift before you make it with the question, "Will this suit the person it is for?" Test it afterwards with the questions, "Is it my best work? Can I improve it in any way?"

Find new ways to save. *For example*: some members in Scotland gathered sheep's wool caught on the hedges for their knitting.

Town and rural school members can exchange recipes and ideas for conserving the harvest from summer gardens through canning, drying and storing. Start indoor gardens of lettuce for winter lunches.

YOUNG MEMBERS, CAN YOU CAN TOMATO JUICE AND APPLE SAUCE FOR WINTER LUNCHESES?

UNITED TO SAVE LIVES—Make a working agreement in your room about accident prevention on the playground, on streets and highways, on farms and in your homes. Make a set of bicycle rules to fit your own neighborhood.

1942 OCTOBER 1942						
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EARNING AND SERVING—Broaden your service through your Junior Red Cross Service Fund for local work, and the National Children's Fund for nation-wide and international activities. Read the editorial "Plan Ahead" in the Junior Red Cross *News*.

Plan a budget now. Include Junior Red Cross enrollment, November 1-15; local service needs known in advance and unforeseen ones; the National Children's Fund for expected and emergency needs (a regular per cent contributed or set aside monthly); the Red Cross War Fund drive in March. Plan ways of raising money through sales, concerts, contributions from wages or allowances and new ingenious methods. *For example*—In Alabama some members brought corn to school, ground it and sold it.

*example*—gifts for children in schools for the blind and ways that blind members are serving others; cooperative projects through the National Children's Fund.

Opportunities for young people to serve their own communities more understandingly. Talk with parents about ways they shared in community service at your age. Are your opportunities for community service different from those they had?

Better understanding of human relationships throughout the world. How do Junior Red Cross international activities, like sending Gift Boxes, international school correspondence, and reading the Junior Red Cross magazines make people of other countries more real to you?

Working together for the future. What are some ways that Junior Red Cross may help young people share in working out better human relationships throughout the world, after the war? Read letters from children of other countries.

Make up a story about the Junior Red Cross Golden Jubilee twenty-five years from now. What will you tell your children about your work today? What do you hope they may be able to tell you about their work then?

# AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS

# American Junior Red Cross NEWS

## Part I

October • 1942

### Slowpoke S'lina

PHILLIS GARRARD

Illustrations by Iris Beatty Johnson

WHEN Selina woke up that first morning at Aunt Emily's, she began to have a different, light sort of feeling. If a tired person had been plodding with thick boots through heavy mud for a long time, and then suddenly had found herself not tired at all and dancing barefooted on a sandy shore—well, that person would feel as Selina did.

She lay gazing at the pink bunches of peach blossoms tied with blue ribbons on the wall-paper, and at the straight blue line of water that was the horizon of Lake Ontario. And she sighed—a long happy sigh, not a weary cross one.

At home in Buffalo now, if it hadn't been for the measles and then Aunt Emily, things would be going the same old way: Mom telling her once, twice, three times to wake up. And Selina wishing she needn't get up, needn't dress and plait her hair, eat cereal for breakfast, race to school. Needn't hear teacher telling her to sit up in class and attend to the blackboard. Needn't be called Slowpoke S'lina when they played games at recess. Needn't walk the eight blocks home in the afternoon, and then try to fix up the apartment a little and start supper before Mom arrived home tired from the big department store where she had worked since Daddy had died seven years ago.

The measles had come along just after

school started in September, and neither Jack nor Selina had picked up strength properly afterwards. So Aunt Emily, who lived in a little village over the border in Canada, had written Mom, "Why not send the two children to me for a month or so? I'll feed them up and fresh air will do the rest. But they must not shout or clutter up my house." Aunt Emily was rather old-maidish. She wore gingham aprons in the morning, and pretty frilly tea aprons in the afternoon. She had brown hair, long, parted in the center and coiled at the back of her head. She was a dressmaker and good at her job.

"Hey, Slowpoke! Know what? I saw a squirrel run all along the top of the front porch and whiz!—it jumped right into that tree under your window." Jack, who was thirteen, two years older than Selina, had stuck his round freckled face in at her bedroom door.

"You did *not* so!" sniffed Selina. "Squirrels live in parks—they don't run over people's houses."

"That's what *you* think," Jack replied. "City kid!" he added teasingly.

"City kid yourself!" Selina sat up in bed and tossed back her long yellow hair.

"Thee must not shout," Jack reminded her solemnly. "Boy, I'm hungry. And I smell breakfast. Get up, Slowpoke!"

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Jack banged the door and departed whistling. Selina jumped out of bed and ran to the window. Sure enough, on a branch just below her, sat a gray squirrel, his bushy tail curled over his back. And he was washing his little face with his paws.

Breakfast with Aunt Emily was different, too. They had it in the kitchen to save trouble, but her kitchen was as nice as most people's parlors. The floor was painted bright yellow. Chairs and table were blue, and the white wallpaper had blue daisies on it. The stove and the pots and pans twinkled in sunshine that danced in through orange and white checked curtains. Geraniums glowed on the windowsills, and between them Thomasina, the cat, purred contentedly.

Thomasina was orange, too. A fine ginger, and proud of it, you could see.

Instead of cereals out of packages, there was oatmeal porridge with cream and brown sugar. Then soft-boiled eggs, bread and butter and luscious peaches.

"This is the Niagara fruit country, you know," said Aunt Emily. "I should hope we did have good fruit. Just everything grows here—strawberries, cherries, raspberries, loganberries, tomatoes, plums, pears, peaches, apples and grapes."

"Grapes?" asked the children. You had those when you were sick.

"Acres and miles of them." Aunt Emily refilled Jack's glass with milk. "Thousands of rows. Purple, white and red. You'll see."

That afternoon, after she had finished with her customers, Aunt Emily took Jack and Selina to the lake shore. Twelve tall straight poplar trees grew in a glorious row along the road. Their leaves rustled mysteriously; they were like slender living towers of green.

Then they saw the grapevines: rows and rows, just as Aunt Emily had said, climbing on wires strung between posts. The rows stretched back and back, out and out, until they seemed to meet far in the distance like the spokes of a huge wheel.

Big bunches of grapes hung there, glowing purple in the sunlight. People were gathering them, snipping with scissors and putting them into baskets. A man drove a wagon with

a team of horses between the rows, picking up the filled baskets.

"Why!" cried Selina excitedly. "There's a little girl picking them, too. No bigger than me."

"Oh, yes," Aunt Emily nodded. "Children pick on Saturdays to earn pocket money. It isn't hard work. Folks around here say grapes are the nicest of all to pick—you don't have to stoop or crawl, and you don't have to climb ladders."

"I'd like climbing ladders," Jack boasted.

But Selina was watching the little girl. How quickly she snipped the lovely bunches and laid them neatly in the baskets—six-quart fruit baskets, Aunt Emily said. She filled two while they were looking.

The lake shore was lovely, too. There were no rocks—just grass and trees, and then singles, little smooth gray or white stones. Blue and calm the water lay, a big half circle that met the sky.

Shoes and socks came off in no time, and the children paddled, explored and shouted, while Aunt Emily sat under a tree with her knitting.

Days flew fast here. That was Saturday. And by Tuesday, Selina's horrid, heavy, slowpoke feeling came back again. Jack had run off to the village, after teasing her all morning about being too slow to catch a snail on crutches.

Selina had been tagging after her aunt, and wondering dismally if Aunt Emily thought her a slowpoke, too. It was an awful thing to be. At school you couldn't remember your lessons, you got your homework wrong, you stammered when teacher asked you a question, you just didn't seem to take in half that was going on, and everyone laughed at you.

If only she could do something to prove she wasn't a slowpoke. Suddenly an idea popped up.

"Auntie, could I—do you think I could—could pick grapes like that little girl we saw? I might earn enough to buy Mom a little present for her birthday."



"I don't see why not, if you'd like to," Aunt Emily said briskly. "After dinner I'll walk over to Mr. Turner's farm with you. He can always do with a little more help, I believe."

But when it was time to start, Selina felt panicky. This was a big step for a slow, shy little girl to take. Jack was a help, though. He said he'd like to pick, too. "Chance to eat," he grinned. "Boy, could I gobble some of those beauties!"

"Jack!" Selina was horrified. "That would be wrong."

But Aunt Emily only smiled. "He can eat all he wants—he'll soon tire of them. Everyone does."

Mr. Jeff Turner was a big, busy man in farmer's khaki working clothes. They found him in the barn, a huge dim place smelling of grapes. Filled baskets were piled high there, and Mrs. Turner and the hired man were fastening lids on them.

Mr. Turner said, "Sure I could do with two more pickers; two cents for every six-quart basket, and don't squash the grapes—lay 'em in gently. And don't miss any bunches." He found two pairs of big scissors and led the little party to the vineyard.

He started Selina at the end of one of the long rows, and made Jack go on the other side of it. Then he dumped a pile of baskets for them, and went off chatting with Aunt Emily, who had to go back for a fitting.

Selina eyed the first bunch half fearfully. Was she—slowpoke S'lina—really going to cut that gorgeous stalk of fruit? She took hesitating hold of the stem. Then: "Snip!" went her scissors almost of themselves, and the grapes were dangling in her hand.

With the greatest care she placed them in her basket, and cut the next bunch. Some hung high, some low, some hid behind the broad green leaves. Snip! Snip! A basket was filled. Now another.

Steadily she worked along the row, trying to keep pace with Jack, who was always shouting at her through the vines. "I don't care if he does get ahead," Selina thought. "I'll go

sure and steady." That sounded better than "slowly." Anyway, you had to be careful with the lovely purple things all covered with bloom.

The time just flew. When the hired man drove the wagon along to pick up filled baskets and told Selina it was half-past five, she could hardly believe it. He gave her a ticket for each basket completed—twenty tickets. Selina trotted home quite happily. Goldenrod and wild purple asters with yellow centers grew all along the roadside. Sumac stood up here and there like bushes of fire, their leaves all shining red. And scarlet and gold and yellow were the leaves of maple trees on the sloping hills.

Selina jiggled gaily when she came in sight of Aunt Emily's house, a white frame cottage. How much nicer all this was than hard side-walks with kids roller-skating all over you, and blocks of tall ugly buildings.

Aunt Emily let her go to the vineyard again the next day, and the next, but only in the afternoons.

Selina loved it more and more those warm October days. There was the time she found the queerest thing on her row—a bright blue, little, rounded case, trimmed with gold dots, hanging behind a leaf. She looked at it with amazement, touched it gently, and left it there. It was so firmly fixed, she just knew it was meant to be something special. Aunt Emily said that was the chrysalis of an orange and black butterfly, the snug case that held the grub safely through the winter until it was ready to change and burst out, a flying, skimming butterfly in the spring.

Then one day a sort of explosion went off almost under her feet. With a whirr like a rattle, a reddish-brown bird rose up and flew away, startling Selina so she nearly dropped her scissors. It was a partridge, her aunt told her; the wings made that whirring, drumming sound.

Soon Selina became acquainted with the wagon horses—Bess and Steve, big brown creatures with gentle eyes. Alf, the hired man, gave her rides on the wagon to the barn sometimes. He even let her hold the reins and call out "Gee!" and "Haw!" for right and

left turns from her high perch beside him.

The first time she took the reins, Selina was all of a dither. It didn't seem real that she, that slowpoke, was driving two big farm horses with a load of grape baskets.

After picking for a few days, Jack said he was tired of eating grapes, so he didn't come any more. But Selina was having a good time and knew it. When the first Saturday came, it was thrilling to exchange her tickets for real money. Already there was enough to buy Mom the bedroom slippers she wanted so badly. Three happy weeks slipped by.

One afternoon Selina had picked thirty-three baskets and felt very pleased with herself. Dark blue-gray clouds were looming up to the north over the lake. Whitecaps broke now and then on the sullen-looking water; the wind blew in gusts. Alf said there was a thunderstorm coming up. Mr. Turner had driven the motor truck to the railway station to ship a load of grapes, and Mrs. Turner had gone with him. Alf was very busy, trying to get all the fruit into the barn before the storm broke.

The grown-up pickers kept on working, but Alf said Selina had better stop and go home before she got wet.

"Oh, Alf, do let me have a ride to the barn first," she begged.

"All right, then. This load is ready. Hop aboard."

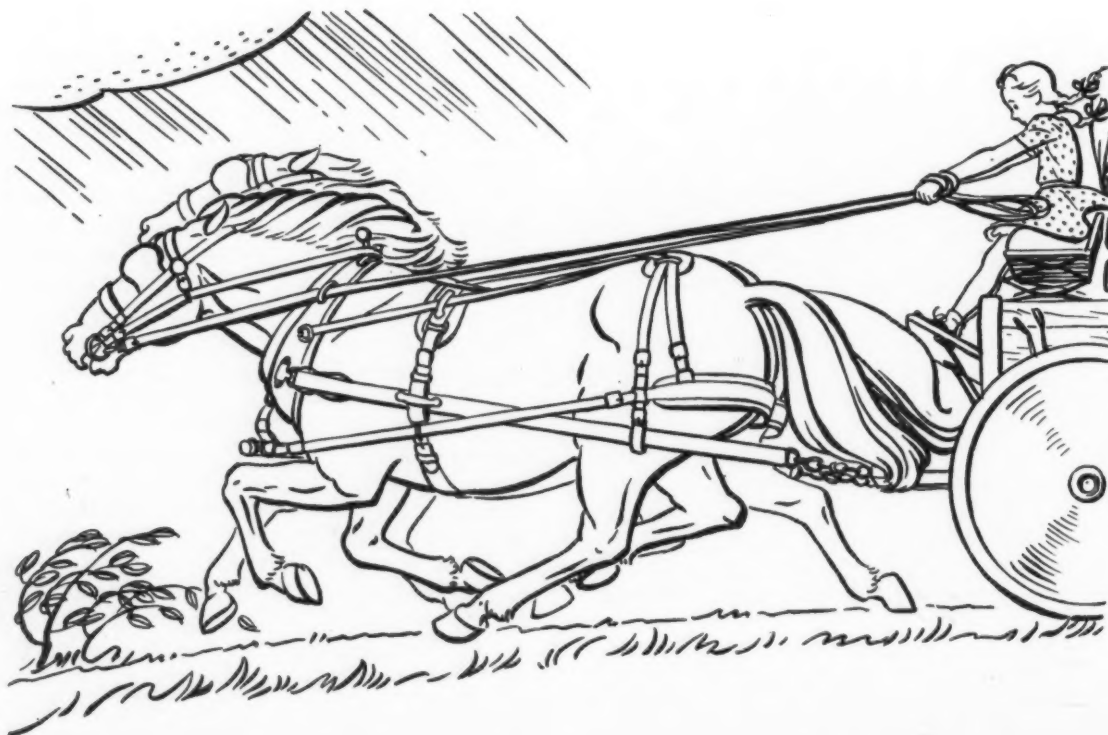
Away they went, Bess and Steve pulling well into their collars. With a sudden rushing sound of wind, came the long-threatened rain. "Whoa!" said Alf. "Hold the reins, Selina, while I fix the tarpaulin over the load."

He jumped down and went to the back of the wagon. Then lightning flashed, followed by a loud rumbling crack of thunder. The horses started forward with a jump.

"Hold 'em!" yelled Alf, running like mad behind.

Selina had the reins wound around her wrists, as Alf had shown her. Her heart gave a great jump. Then it steadied. There wasn't time to be slow now. The long track to the barn was slightly downhill—the horses were cantering, eager for their cozy stable. Another flash, and a sharp thunderpeal decided them that home was the place. There was no stopping them now.

Selina set her teeth and hung on. The track branched near the barn, the other branch leading to the farmhouse. Selina knew she must steady the horses around this





curve, and then guide them up the runway into the big barn, and stop them.

Around the bend they clattered, Selina pulling back with all her weight and strength. Up the runway—"Whoa, Steve! Whoa, Bess!"

Would they stop? They would. This was home, and they smelled hay. Quite unconcerned they stood now, jingling their bits and swishing their tails. But Selina felt—what? Frightened, limp, exhausted? Not a bit of it! Selina felt wonderful. Not tired at all, but wide awake, triumphant and happy.

Alf was pleased. "You done well, Seliny," he allowed, chewing away at his gum faster than usual. "Yep, you done well to git that load in safe. I was a bit a-scared it would topple. You'll be a real country kid before long," he grinned.

A very wet untidy Selina arrived home, with a sack over her head against the rain. Her pink cotton dress was stained with grape juice; her yellow braids were frayed out and full of bits of dry grape leaves. But she wasn't Slowpoke Selina any more. She was excited and gay, and for the first time in her life she knew she really could do things—perhaps not always what other people did, but her *own* things.



Aunt Emily was thrilled and interested. And so was Jack, though of course he had to tease about letting horses run away with her.

At suppertime of this truly wonderful day, both Jack and Aunt Emily had surprises of their own to tell. Jack, instead of picking grapes, had been earning money running messages for Mr. Winter's hardware store in the village, and hanging around their radio department in his spare time. He'd always been mad about radios, and had once made a set, total cost thirty cents, from bits of wire and cardboard, a big brass nut, a piece of crystal, a sheet of tin from a milk can, and a nail, together with a pair of discarded earphones from a junk store.

Aunt Emily's surprise was the best of all. She said that for a long time she had wanted Mom to bring the children and live with her—ever since an old Canadian school friend had died and left this cottage to Aunt Emily in her will. But Mom always said she couldn't give up her good job in Buffalo. Since hearing how Jack and Selina liked the country and were doing well there, however, she thought she might change her mind. She and Aunt Emily might open up a little dress shop in the village where Mom's business experience would be a great help.

Jack could work in the hardware store after school hours, and Mr. Winter had promised to teach him radio servicing, because he seemed a promising boy. Selina could pick fruit sometimes and look after the chickens.

"Here, Slowpoke!" Half ashamed, Jack dumped a parcel into Selina's lap. "I thought to stop you asking so many questions about bugs, flowers, birds and stuff, I'd give you that. Huh! You thought I wasn't earning anything because I wouldn't pick grapes, didn't you? Stung!"

It was a nature book and full of beautiful pictures. Selina could hardly speak. So much was happening at once. "Oh, Jack..." she stammered.

"Here, I'll write something in it."

Aunt Emily found an ink bottle and pen, and he wrote slowly in his straggly hand: "For Not So Slow Selina from Radio Jack."

Around the bend they clattered, Selina pulling back with all her weight and strength. "Whoa, Steve! Whoa, Bess!" she cried. "Hold 'em!" yelled Alf, running like mad behind, but there was no stopping them now

# "Old Ironsides" of the Arctic

RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND

**J**UST before dawn on December 16, 1897, four men of the United States Coast Guard, having fought their way through broken ice and pounding surf, landed from the cutter *Bear* on the shore of Cape Vancouver in Alaska.

The *Bear* could go no farther north that winter. Captain Tuttle had tried to reach Bering Strait but the Arctic winds had already piled the shallow waters in towering masses of ice that would crush the ship as if its hull were of cardboard. When the cold began to relax its grip, he would attempt to plow through the floe to Point Barrow, the northernmost tip of Alaska in the Arctic Ocean. Meantime, four picked men of the cutter would try to get there overland.

Each spring for many years the *Bear* had sailed to Alaska, returning to Port Townsend, Washington, in late autumn. That November, however, the cutter had been in home quarters only a few days when word came that eight whale ships had been locked in the ice off Point Barrow and that the three hundred men of their crews and some two hundred Eskimos would starve to death during the winter unless food could be brought before their scanty supplies were exhausted.

Two men had traveled the length of Alaska by sled and dogteam to take the news to the outside world. The Arctic winter frequently lasted ten months. The only way to save those starving people would be to collect herds of reindeer and drive them hundreds of miles across snow-covered country to the edge of the North Polar Sea. That would be a tremendously difficult and hazardous undertaking. But the motto of the Coast Guard is *Semper Paratus* (Always Prepared); and so, on the first day of December, the men of the *Bear* had set out again for the Far North.

Built in Scotland in 1874 and intended for the whale and seal trade of Newfoundland and Greenland, the *Bear* was an auxiliary steam barkentine of about seven hundred tons. Her sides were of oak three feet thick sheathed with iron-bark. Her bow was of solid oak designed to crush through barrier ice.



COURTESY OF U. S.  
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

The "*Bear*," anchored in ice near Nome, Alaska

She might always have remained a whaler had not Lieutenant Greely and a party of United States government explorers been lost in 1881 in the uncharted regions of Ellesmere Land in the northern Polar Ocean. Two expeditions had failed to find the men, and the Navy, hearing of the prowess of the *Bear* as an ice breaker, purchased the ship and sent her north with two others in April, 1884. Two months later the *Bear's* commander landed at Cape Sabine and brought away Lieutenant Greely and six other survivors who had been marooned in the Arctic for almost three years and had lived mainly on shrimps and seaweed.

The ship, having won fame by that conquest of the ice, was transferred by the Navy to the Revenue Cutter Service, as the Coast Guard was then called. The *Bear* sailed by way of the Strait of Magellan to the Pacific, and began her annual patrol of the Alaska Coast.

Now, twelve years later, four volunteers from the cutter were to race against time more than eight hundred miles to the top of the world. Every moment of daylight was precious, and, as soon as Lieutenant Jarvis had explained his mission, the Russian trader at Cape Vancouver guided the four white men along the shore to the nearest village.

By night, they reached the village and there Jarvis succeeded in getting thirty-five powerful huskies, two additional sleds (they had brought two on the ship) and the services of the trader and four Eskimos as guides. The lieutenant had already made his plans: the rescue party would cross the Yukon country to St. Michael, where there was a United States Army post. This was a distance of

three hundred and seventy-five miles, which he figured they should cover in about twelve days if they encountered no blizzards and met with no accidents.

The same distance separated St. Michael and Point Rodney, where they might be able to buy or commandeer a reindeer herd. From there they would have to mush another hundred miles to Cape Prince of Wales for another herd. It would take at least two months to drive the reindeer across the rivers and mountains of North Alaska, and it might well be April before they reached the starving colony on the Arctic Ocean.

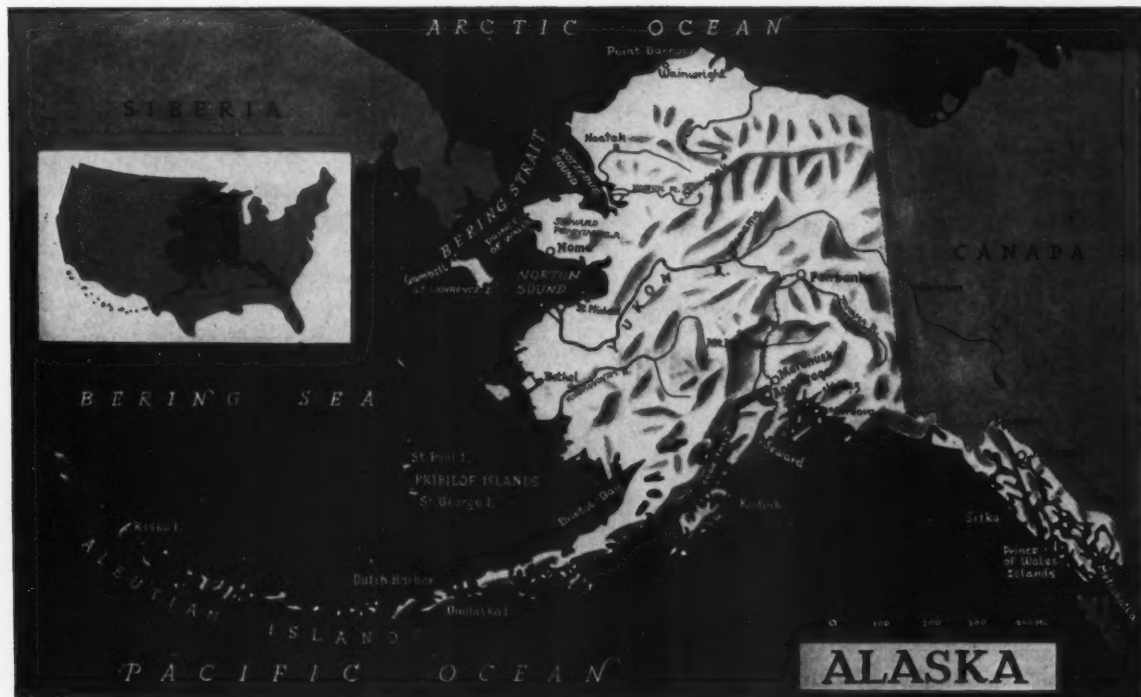
The four Coast Guard men—Lieutenant Jarvis, Lieutenant Bertholf, Dr. Call, and a seaman named Koltchoff—set off at daybreak with sleds loaded with thirteen hundred pounds of supplies. In the mountains the men had to help the dogs pull the heavy sleds up steep grades. At the top of the ridge, the swirling snow hid the trail and blinded the men so that they were in great peril of stumbling over a precipice and falling two thousand feet into a lake of churning ice cakes. Descending the height, they unharnessed the dogs and wound chains around the runners of the sleds to retard their speed. Two men coasted downward on each sled, but, although they succeeded in avoiding rocks and stumps,

the flying frozen pellets of snow burned their eyes and cut their faces. For drinking water they cracked the ice on frozen streams; their rationed food consisted of bread and ham. While they were not yet far distant from the coast, they found Eskimo huts where they were welcomed and invited to spend the night.

Some of the dogs, unaccustomed to such speed, began to tire, and Jarvis decided to divide the party. Dr. Call and he would push on with the two sturdiest teams to round up the reindeer at various points, while the others took a less difficult and more direct route. On Christmas Eve the lieutenant reached a trading post near the Yukon River. Traders and miners from the country for miles around had come to the post to celebrate, and there were letters for many of them in the mail bag Jarvis flung from his sled. They urged him to stay over Christmas Day for a holiday feast, but, after a brief rest for the dogs, the two Coast Guards with their guides set off across the frozen tundra for the Yukon.

Across the river, the dogs began to limp, having cut their footpads on razor-sharp splinters of ice, and the men had to walk beside them and help pull the sleds.

At the end of December, they arrived at their first goal, the Army post at St. Michael on Norton Sound. As Jarvis had hoped, they



COURTESY "BUILDING AMERICA"



had made the journey in twelve days, traveling an average of twenty to twenty-five miles a day, an almost unheard-of feat in that country in winter. Here they secured fresh dog-teams and exchanged their dogskin and woolen garments for much warmer reindeer parkas. They headed northeast to the mountains in a wind that blew straight from the Pole, and on the second day met a man who said his name was Tilton and that he was third mate of the *Belvedere*, one of the ice-trapped whalers.

Tilton said that two of the whalers had been wrecked and all their supplies lost. The store of food at Point Barrow was very low when he left there six weeks before. He himself had been skirting the coast with two Eskimos and a dogsled, but he had been separated from his guides when a cake of ice on which he had been hunting a polar bear had broken away from the land. He told Lieutenant Jarvis that he could find his way to the Army post by himself, and so the Coast Guard party sped on to the next station at Unalakleet.

Rough country lay directly ahead, and the cold was steadily increasing. At Unalakleet, Jarvis obtained new guides and huskies, three light sleds, deerskin sleeping bags, socks, boots and mittens, snowshoes for the men and small cloth shoes for the dogs. Beyond, in the hills, the ravines were so choked with snow that the teams were sometimes buried in the drifts. In places, the men had to trample the snow to make a path for the huskies which once refused to move another foot after a day's journey of only ten miles. The next day, however, the dogs fought on to Golofnin Bay, where Jarvis released them and transferred his supplies to four Lapland freight sleds, built like boats and drawn by reindeer. To handle the reindeer, which were much more easily frightened than huskies, he engaged a Laplander named Mikkel and several experienced deer herders.

A blizzard overtook them when they started again, and the reindeer harnessed to Jarvis' sled, which brought up the rear, took fright, bolted, lost the others and, striking a stump, broke the traces and fled, leaving the lieutenant half-buried in the snow. The runaway reindeer later rejoined the others at the end of the line, but it was some time before Mikkel discovered that Jarvis was missing, and it was long after dark before the lost leader was found. In spite of snow and wind and a temperature thirty degrees below zero, they reached the house of Charlie Artisarlook and

bought his herd of one hundred and thirty-eight reindeer. They got more deer as they went on, and at last, on March twenty-eighth, the combined herds were driven across the final mountain range and down to the camp of the whalers' crews on the shore of the Arctic Ocean.

"It was some time before the starving men could realize that we were flesh and blood," Jarvis reported. "They looked off to the south to see if there was not a ship in sight, and others wanted to know if we had come up in a balloon!"

With the start of the spring thaw, Captain Tuttle squeezed the *Bear* through the ice of Bering Strait and succeeded in reaching Point Barrow in July, breaking all records for the northern passage.

To Alaskans the arrival of the *Bear* on its annual coast patrol was the great event of the year; often the cutter brought thirty thousand pounds of mail. It was the *Bear* that carried the first reindeer from Siberia to Alaska, a herd of four hundred that have increased to more than a half million and have kept the natives from starvation through many a stormy winter. In the gold rush of 1899-1900, when thousands of fortune seekers poured into the Klondike only to find hunger, sickness, and bitter cold, it was the Coast Guards of the *Bear* who kept order, fed and clothed and cared for the luckless prospectors, and brought them home. In 1920 the cutter landed doctors and nurses at Unalaska, where a terrible influenza epidemic was raging among the Eskimos. The Coast Guards distributed food, coal and medicines to distant villages, built houses for the many orphaned children and tended hundreds of abandoned babies until women nurses could arrive.

The *Bear* has had many narrow escapes in her long career. Caught in the ice near Nome in 1924, she was imprisoned for more than a month, and only her thick iron-bark sheathing saved her from being crushed by the constant hammering of the jagged floe. On another voyage a terrific gale flung the cutter on Maud Island, a large rock with granite crags. Sharp-pointed ledges battered her hull with a force that would have sunk most ships, but the *Bear* scraped free. The vessel did not even leak, and only slight repairs had to be made to the bruised timbers. The cutter was at sea in the great hurricane of January, 1920, when the wind reached a velocity of one hundred miles an hour and tore up by the roots

(Concluded on page 48)

# Flag



Philippine Coat of Arms bears an eagle, castle, and sea lion to represent American, Latin or Spanish influences

# Stories

**P**ROBABLY many Juniors are already laying plans to make the flags of the twenty-eight United Nations, as we suggested in the September News. It will take time to get all of these well made before the celebration of United Nations Day, next June 14.

It will make the work on the flags more interesting if you find out the story back of each one. For a long, long time flags have carried a special meaning in each color and design. One of the first flags in history was a blacksmith's leather apron. It was carried in 500 B.C. when the Persians revolted against an unbearable tyrant, and were led into battle by a smith named Koah.

The oldest flag still in use is said to be Denmark's national banner. The legend is that when Valdemar II was fighting at Lindanissa (now Tallinn) against the Estonians in 1219, he was about to give up when suddenly a cross appeared in the sky. The tide of battle turned, and, in gratitude for this sign of God's favor, the Danish king put the cross on the flag of his country.

The Philippine flag is seven hundred years younger than the flag of Denmark. It was officially adopted in 1920, though it had been given its present form by General Aguinaldo, who fought against the occupation of the islands by the United States in 1898. Before the Japanese took the islands away from their brave defenders, Filipino school readers had a story that began:

"I am the Filipino flag which you see each morning when you come to school. By the side of the American flag I float over every schoolhouse in the Philippines. Long ago the Philippines did not have a flag that stood for the nation. The people fought among themselves. When they went out to fight, each chief carried a flag of his own. His people would gather round it. There came a time when the people were in great trouble. They had no schools for their children. The laws under which they had to live were not good ones. They did not have much liberty. At first they asked the Spanish rulers to make these things better. Then the people began to fight for what they so much wanted. Now

the country needed a flag."

The story goes on to explain that the sun on the flag stands for the light of freedom. The rays from the sun stand for the provinces, and the three stars

represent the three regions of the Philippines—Luzon, the Visayas, and Mindanao.

Once there was a Central American Union, to which Honduras, Guatemala, El Salvador, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica all belonged. This was before there was any Republic of Panama. The five stars on the flag of Honduras represent the five states of that union.

The bird on the flag of Guatemala is the quetzal. It stands for the love of liberty, as it is said that this bird can not live in captivity. The quetzal used to be found in Mexico and in many places in Central America. The ancient Aztecs and Mayas revered it as part of their worship of Quetzalcoatl, the god of the air. Later on, it was hunted for its plumes until it began to die out and to go farther and farther from the haunts of men. There are today few who have seen it alive.

St. Jerome's School, Long Harbour, Newfoundland, wrote in an album to Lincoln School, Lewistown, Montana:

"The Union Jack is the flag of the British Empire. The large red cross in the flag is the cross of St. George, who is the patron saint of England. The white cross in the background is the white cross of St. Andrew, who is the patron saint of Scotland. Upon this is placed the Red Cross of St. Patrick, who is Ireland's patron saint.

"From England, Ireland, and Scotland our parents and grandparents came. Under the Union Jack we must be brave, true, and loyal."

You will notice the Union Jack on the flags of nations of the British Commonwealth, such as Canada, Australia, New Zealand, India, and South Africa. The constellation, the Southern Cross, is represented by stars on the flags of New Zealand and Australia. The large star under the Union Jack on the Australian flag has seven points, one for each of the six states, and one for the territories.

Write to the Office of War Information, Washington, D. C., for its poster in colors showing flags of the United Nations.

# They Had Courage



## Susannah the Pioneer Cow

MIRIAM E. MASON

Macmillan Company, New York, \$1.25

SUSANNAH did not want to be a pioneer cow, for she was perfectly content to stay on Mr. Wayne's fine farm in Virginia with her little calf, Rosy. All she wanted was to be a happy, useful cow all her life. But one day the Waynes and their four children packed all their things into a great covered wagon, tied Susannah by a rope at the back, and started out for faraway Indiana. Susannah wanted to stay with Rosy, but the oxen who pulled the pioneer wagon were stronger than she, and so she could not stand still.

For many days the family and Susannah traveled into the wilderness. Susannah got so homesick that she ran away one night, but she got stuck in a marsh and was glad to be pulled out by Mr. Wayne and the children. Finally the wagon came to a clearing, and Susannah knew they had arrived. The Waynes built a house, with a big barn for Susannah.

One night Susannah had a little furry visitor who became a Christmas present for the children.

There were many dangers for this good cow who gave her white milk to the family. Susannah met a snake, a bear, ate some poison weed, and had many other adventures in the pioneer country. At last, for two very special reasons, she came to like her new home—but you will want to read about that for yourself. You will also want to look at the Petersham drawings of Susannah many times—for she was a happy, useful cow all her life!—A. W. A.

## Thunder Island

WILLIAM S. STONE

Alfred A. Knopf, New York, \$2.00

THE NIGHT before the typhoon struck, Reri and her thirteen-year-old brother Marahiti suddenly saw the phantom canoe with its single black figure move into the moon path and disappear. This meant only one thing: Death was going to pay a visit to Thunder Island.

There had been other signs: their grandfather, Varua, oldest and wisest of the men on the island, had felt a tickling in his ear. Yet even though he was known throughout the South Seas as the wise man who could foretell weather, nevertheless the chief, Tavana, refused to make any preparations for the storm. Even when the birds rose high above the island and flew away to Tahiti, Tavana would do nothing. Tavana's son Hio even hinted that Varua's warning wasn't worth the breath of a wild onion. Marahiti knew then that sooner or later he would have to have it out with Hio. But first Reri and he had to make ready for the storm. They heaped up the cookhouse with yams and breadfruit and taro. During the siesta Reri was startled to watch Marahiti slip off from the house, down the deserted street, across to the Valley of Quick Night. Swiftly she followed—into the Valley, up to the waterfall, up the roots of the banyan tree, up into the very cone of the volcano. What happened next will leave you breathless. But it will not be giving the story away to say that their adventure provided a feast for all the islanders



which only ended when the roofs began blowing off their houses.

This is far more than just an ordinary adventure story. Those of you who will soon be in your teens will feel at home with Reri and Marahiti; their brother-sister teasing will sound familiar to you, and, unless we miss our guess, you will learn to love Varua and Tinito, the Chinese storekeeper. You will probably find what they have to say about white men surprising but funny. The strange and wonderful illustrations by Mordvinoff will keep you from forgetting that the story takes place in those very South Seas which are now in the grip of war.—M. L. F.

## Snow Treasure

MARIE McSWIGAN

E. P. Dutton, New York, \$2.00

WHAT would you do if you had hidden in a cave \$9,000,000 in gold bricks, and en-

emies of your country were ready to seize all this money? Peter, a Norwegian boy, and his school friends had just such a question to answer, and this is the true story of what they did.

For Peter's father was a banker in Riswyck, Norway, and, when Germany invaded that country, all the gold brick in his father's bank had to be hidden away, then put on a boat and taken to the United States for safe keeping. Peter and his friends did a very brave thing, for they risked their lives to go sledding right through the German soldiers' camp with the gold brick hidden under them. Then they would bury it in the snow near the cove where Peter's Uncle Victor's boat was camouflaged.

Once they met a German soldier who turned out *not* to be a German soldier—but that part you will want to read for yourself, as well as all the other exciting adventures of Peter and his school friends, when they were called upon to serve their country.—A. W. A.

# Russian Children Are on the Job

Soviet youngsters are busy on all sorts of tasks that contribute to the success of the fight against the Nazis.

Both the younger and older children collect scrap. Eight-year-olds go out and gather shell splinters with much more enthusiasm than they used to gather berries. In the hours before and after school, the children of all ages collect, wrap and send off gifts to the Red Army men at the front; and many of them make special gifts which they send with cards of personal greetings to "Dear Red Army Man." In many hospitals, the school children have regular schedules of visits, and their cheery account of all their activities reminds the wounded soldier of his own youngsters who may be too far distant to come to comfort him.

Of course, helping with the farm work is also a war task for the older children; but so are household chores in the home of a Red Army man's wife, particularly if she is one of the thousands who has gone out to take her husband's place in a factory turning out supplies for the front.

Kind deeds of all kinds are performed by the children as members of "Timur's gang." Membership in this "gang" is gained by expressing a desire to join, and the "gang" gets

its name from a children's book called "Timur and His Gang," which was published a couple of years ago. The gang in the story was a mysterious band of boys and girls who did good deeds by stealth. Patterned after the youngsters in this story, "gangs" began forming all over the country even in pre-war days, and since the war the whole thing has taken on the nature of a nation-wide movement. Liuda who could never be made to wash out her own stockings is now found washing the diapers of the next door neighbor's baby. Harum-scarum Misha is now doing Grandma Ivanova's shopping for her. Part of the charm of being a member of Timur's gang is secrecy; so housewives frequently wake in the morning to find last night's dishes mysteriously washed, or vases filled with flowers, or a bucket full of water drawn from the well of the farmer.

The families of Red Army men come first with Timur's gangs. Red Army wives get their babies tended, their chores done before they ask, and all by young conspirators whom they do not see unless they have made a request for some special help. Then the Timurites come out of hiding and perform their war tasks very conscientiously and seriously.—*Prepared by the American-Russian Institute.*

# CHILDREN OF THE UNITED



SOVPHOTO

**SUBMARINES:** As boat after boat has gone down along the Atlantic Coast, the American Red Cross has rushed to the rescue with warm clothes, food dropped from blimps, and other forms of help. At right, three British children rescued from a ship torpedoed off the coast of South Carolina, shown with a volunteer worker of the Charleston Chapter. Below, right, Stewardess Lacey feeding kit-tens saved from the sinking ship

## SAVING LIFE AND LIMB

**BOMBS:** During an air raid, the Russian boy at left put out eight incendiary bombs dropped on a children's camp near Moscow. Children throughout the United Nations are showing the same calmness and courage in the face of danger. Junior Red Cross members can take pride in being a part of the larger Red Cross, which has always tried, in peace and in war, to save lives and help people.



**BLANKETS:** Saved material some. Our Chinese allies, long noted for ever save every useful thing. In the good use one Shanghai hospital has Red Cross grain sacks sent over for

**DISASTERS:** Many J. R. C. members twelve years of age and older have completed First Aid courses. J. R. C. Disaster Corps bicycle squads like the one below at Flourtown, Pa., and J. R. C. splint-makers like the Milwaukee, Wisconsin, boys in the attached picture also contribute to the saving of lives

BICYCLE PICTURE, COURTESY "PHILADELPHIA BULLETIN"

SPLINTS, COURTESY "MILWAUKEE JOURNAL"



# D N A T I O N S

# UNITED TO SAVE

## SAVING MATERIAL

**WHATEVER** their governments have asked for in the way of salvage, children in the various United Nations have eagerly gone out to collect. So successful was the paper salvage campaign in this country that it has been called temporarily to a halt. At right, you see boys of San Jacinto School, Galveston, Texas, with Koon Go in the lead, setting out with paper collections which they sold to make money for their service fund. They saw to it, Allen Skillman, their reporter, writes, "that no time was lost from the important task of learning, which must also be regarded as patriotic in this present-day world"



al sometimes means saved lives. voted for their thrift, now more than g. In the picture above, see what spital has made of the American over full of rice last year



SOV FOTO

**COGS:** In Britain, children who take part in the War on Waste call themselves Cogs, because each one of them is a cog in the great wheel working for victory. At right, London Cogs loaded down with loot. One Scotch Cog blows a horn as a signal for neighbors to bring out their scrap

**CLEAN-UP** can go hand in hand with salvage. The J. R. C. members (above) of the Lincoln School in Akron, Ohio, set aside one day as Red Cross Clean-up Day

**SCRAP:** At left, Yura Gruzden, Soviet schoolboy who organized the collection of scrap metal in his village





# American Junior Red Cross NEWS

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## National Officers of the American Red Cross

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## Plan Ahead

NOW IS THE TIME to get set for your Junior Red Cross work in this important year. Work with your Junior Red Cross Chairman and your teacher-sponsor to set up an organization that will be responsible for making plans. Then submit these plans to the Junior Red Cross membership in your school or in your town for approval and suggestions. That is the democratic way.

You will soon find that to carry out the plans you have made you will need money. Like good businessmen, look ahead and see just how much your budget should be. For example, you will naturally go on producing things for the armed forces. How much will the materials cost? Will the local Chapter help you finance such undertakings? And how about materials for garments for children, such as you have been making in the past? How about the materials for making the flags of the United Nations, as we suggested in last month's issue? And have you the money to buy the little gifts you will send in the Junior Red Cross Gift Boxes?

Answering these and like questions will bring you to plans for the Service Fund and for the National Children's Fund. Decide how much of the money you raise should be kept for local undertakings and to pay for materials you will need, and how much should be sent to National Headquarters to add to the National Children's Fund. You will notice that in the September News as well as in this

issue, we have reported how money is being used all the time from this Fund to help children in war-swept countries. As the war goes on, the need will grow greater. For more than twenty years, the American Junior Red Cross has kept this Fund at work. You will not let it down in this time of the greatest crisis of the human race.

Above all, plan to raise money through your own efforts and your own sacrifice. DON'T ASK YOUR PARENTS FOR EVEN A SINGLE PENNY.

## Tin Salvage

AS PART of their War on Waste, Junior Red Cross members in some places are being asked to save tin cans. But in other places they are told not to do this. There is a good reason. "Tin" cans really have very little of that now precious metal in them. They are made of steel and lined with a thin coating of tin to protect the contents. They average only 1 1/4 per cent tin. Getting that amount of tin from the cans and making it into ingots to go back into use is expensive, and there are not a great many cities in the country which have plants that can do it cheaply enough to pay for collection and transportation. In a few of the big cities, New York among them, people are collecting their tin cans for such plants. They must cut off top and bottom, fold the cans down flat, and slip the cut-off tops and bottoms inside. Then the cans can be stacked in flat piles.

Most of the salvaged tin comes from the empty toothpaste or shaving cream tubes you must turn in if you want to buy a new tube. The average toothpaste tube is 99 per cent tin. From all over the country such tubes, collected by drugstores and other retailers, are sent to the Tin Salvage Institute in New Jersey. These tubes are not to be sold, by the way. By the first of July, the Institute had received 200,000 pounds of the tubes and was getting the tin out of them. The tubes are dumped on a table, and the plastic tops are taken off and sterilized so that they may be used over again. It is easy to separate the tin from the lead because tin melts at 450° Fahrenheit and lead at 620°. Then the tin is smelted in a big kettle. The paint and lacquer are burnt away, the toothpaste rises to the top, and the tin settles at the bottom. In a short time the metal is on its way into journal bearings for tanks, to make electrical connections for bombers, or to help make other pieces of war material.

# TIN

VICTOR  
WOLFGANG  
VON HAGEN

THE DEVIL'S  
METAL



PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

Tin for U. S. Defense: Stevedores, wearing big steel footguards to protect their feet, unload a shipment of heavy tin ingots just arrived in New York on the ship "Steel Traveler"

IF SOMEONE had told you a few months ago that tin would soon be more important than silver or gold, you would not have believed him. Who would have imagined that in the space of a single year such a thing as "an old tin can" would become so important? But there is one thing that we forgot about tin: it is not used just to line "tin" cans; it serves all transportation, whether it be ocean liners or street cars or airplanes or automobiles. Tin is used, as we know, in the tinfoil to wrap candies or tobacco; it is also used in the containers for our toothpaste. But more than that, tin is a hardener of metals, for it is used as an alloy. Tin plus copper equals bronze. It was used in this way by ancient peoples from the Egyptians to the Greeks, from the ancient Britons to the Incas. Several centuries before the Christian era, traders brought tin from mines on the Scilly Islands. For a long time, much of our tin came from mines in Cornwall in England, but in the last century or so most of it has come from Malaya and the Netherlands East Indies. Therefore, the fall of Singapore and Penang and the East Indies was a severe loss.

Now we must get our tin from South America, from the same moonscape regions of Bolivia where the Incas mined it before the coming of the white man.

The tin mines of Bolivia lie on the roof of the world. Potosí, the most famous, is two miles above the level of the sea, while its galleries run down, miles deep, through the heart of the Andes. Once, this tin, which is found imbedded with silver ore, was considered worthless. The devil's metal, it was called—because it was so difficult to extract from the ore—and for centuries it was tossed aside as

waste. Now these tin-dumps are one of the sources of Bolivia's wealth. Although tin is found in many other places in the Americas—Argentina, Mexico, and Peru—none has the quantities of Bolivia. This Andean country, named after Simón Bolívar, is larger than Texas and California combined, and most of its three million inhabitants live in the frigid, treeless *paramos* of the Andes. Many of them work in one way or another for tin mines. Ten, twelve, and fifteen thousand feet above sea level, the modernized mines are found at Potosí, La Paz, Oruro, and Choroloque. In the old days the workers had to carry the ore up out of the mines on their brown, broad backs. Today Bolivian mines are modern.

Tin ore, called *barilla*, is sent by railroad down the Andes to the Pacific Coast, where it is loaded into big-bellied ships and sent to Texas to be smelted. Until recently, we had no smelters in the United States. All the Bolivian tin ore had to go to Liverpool to be smelted. That is now a thing of the past. The tin consumed in the Americas is dug in the Americas and refined in the Americas.

War has accomplished that which peace could not; we are looking more and more to the Americas. Like the Russian giants who gained new strength every time they were thrown to the ground, we shall find new strength in the American soil with each temporary setback in the Pacific.

While Bolivia gives us tin to forge our weapons of war and peace, we, by its purchase, give her prosperity, for, instead of giving us only a fraction of our tin needs, she must now produce our all. The money we give in exchange will reach the lives of the Bolivian people, who, like ourselves, are also Americans.

# Stepping Stone Island Children

R. E. BAUMGARTNER



When Aleut boys go fishing it's strictly business and a day's hard work for food

**I**F YOU LOOK at the map, you will see a quantity of tiny islands scattered off the tip of Alaska. They are arranged so that they look as if you might hop from one to the other from Alaska to the Soviet Union. That is why these islands—the Aleutians—are sometimes called “stepping stones between the United States and Russia.”

Aleut children, some of them, look like Eskimos. They have the same dark, straight hair, flat features, and small eyes. Others, on the contrary, seem Russian. And their names are Russian. Usually an Aleut child is named for the saint on whose day he happened to be born. In their church the children chant and pray in Russian, at home they speak the Aleut tongue, and in school they struggle with English and learn to be good Americans.

It's very difficult for them to imagine how the world outside looks. A teacher I knew told his Aleut class about Robin Hood and the Merry Men of Sherwood Forest. Up went a boy's hand. “What is a forest?” he wanted to know.

“A forest is a lot of trees,” the teacher said.

“What are trees?” asked the boy. When he was shown photographs of the California redwoods, he shook his head in disbelief. He couldn't even imagine such a thing, for, on the Aleutians, trees are as unknown as sky-scrapers.

When the Japanese invaded the Aleutians, the U. S. Government moved all the inhabitants of Atka to Killisnoo on Admiralty Island. This is fifteen hundred miles from Atka and in southeastern Alaska. At first, the Atka refugees were afraid to go into the dark for-

ests of spruce and cedar that towered around them. They were bothered by the moss-covered fallen branches, which they called “sticks with grass,” and they were very homesick for their bare, grassy, misty homeland.

Aleut children are very much like other children the world over. They have a great sense of fun and play practical jokes on each other. They love a picnic, and, above all, they love music and dancing.

No Aleut boy thinks it's “sissy” to play an instrument or learn to dance. If he did, he'd be quite out of the parties that are so much fun. Everyone goes and everyone dances, from little eight-year-old Melanya to Grandfather Nazaroff, the oldest man in the village. The orchestra is never composed of less than six pieces, all played by local boys. The floor has been well-soaped, or sometimes greased with seal fat, which the Aleuts use for all sorts of things.

Twelve-year-old Mike Ermeloff has been packing driftwood all day, bringing it from the shores of Korovin Bay to his home cabin seven miles inland, but here he is dancing with one girl after another. There's no wearout to him. In the orchestra his brother Nick is strumming a battered guitar. He'll be up before daybreak and out fishing, but he isn't thinking of that now.

Refreshments are served—seal fat, whipped smooth and white. It's called “Akootook” on account of the rapturous noise the children make when they see it coming. “Akootook” is usually an acquired taste for outsiders.

The boys go fishing and sometimes sealing with their fathers, or alone if Dad happens to be working at the big United States Navy air and submarine base at Dutch Harbor. Girls help mother around the house and with the many babies.

Occasionally they used to visit desolate Attu Island, which is now occupied by the Japanese, to gather rushes to make the famous Attu baskets. These rushes must be soaked in running streams to make them soft and easy to handle. Then they are dried and beaten. It is weeks before they are ready to be plaited into baskets woven with the old, old Aleut patterns. All that is a lot of trouble, and the finished basket is well worth the price its maker asks, \$25 and up.



Some Aleutian island villages own fox farms, which are situated off on uninhabited islands. These belong to communities, not individuals, and may bring in as much as \$50,000 in a successful season. This money is divided among the villagers. When each family receives its share, there's a big time.

First of all, they get out the mail order catalogs they have been thumbing for months past. Mother says she must have a new rug for the floor. Father needs hip boots and a lumber jacket to keep out the damp cold. Little Oxenia begs for a doll with real hair and eyes that open and shut, while her brothers want sweaters and fur-lined gloves.

So they make out their orders to firms in the far-off United States. They have to hurry, for the little steamer *Starr* plying between the Aleutians and Alaska is about due, and they want to catch the mail. Otherwise, they will have to wait four weeks more. As it is, it will take a couple of months for the things to get to them.

When the *Starr* is expected, all the children and most of their elders are down on the beach to watch her come in, just as people in other parts of the world go down to the railway stations or airports to watch for trains or planes. Small boats go out to the *Starr*, lying offshore, to pick up the mail and freight that is lowered over the side in bags and cases.

Old Aleut villages were always situated at some point on the coast with a clear view of the sea. This was because enemies came by water, sometimes traveling hundreds of miles in bidarkis, as the skin boats somewhat like the Eskimos' kayaks were called. The villages that still remain, such as Unalaska, Umnak, and Atka, each on an island of that name, are good examples of the ancient tribesmen's caution. Umnak Village has no harbor, but it has a little river that runs right up

through the settlement, and the boys catch fish that float past their doorsteps. Broiled salmon and halibut make a pleasant change in the usual diet of seal and sea-lion meat.

It was the search for sealskins and the valuable fur of the sea otter that brought Russians to the faraway Aleutians. About two hundred years ago came Vitus Bering, a Danish explorer employed by Peter the Great of Russia. Bering Sea was named for him, and so was Bering Island, where he died of exposure and disappointment on his second expedition to Alaskan territory.

Later on, the Russian-American Trading Company was formed under Alexander Baranof, the first governor of Russian Alaska. He built up a big fur trade with Canton, China, the Hawaiian Islands, which were then called the Sandwich Islands, with Boston and New York. He even formed a Russian colony on the coast of California, near where San Francisco now stands. After him, Baron Wrangel was in charge for a while. He was opposed to the sale of Alaska to the United States. These two men are remembered in the names of Baronof and Wrangel Islands.

When the Russians came to the Aleutians, they found the islands full of people. Some 25,000 to 35,000 lived there, and practically every island had its villages. On Umnak Island alone, there were more than a score. Where these people came from is a mystery, for they left no written records. They must have come over from Asia, of course.

Aleut boys and girls of that day lived in homes called barraboras, which were built half underground. Above ground was the roof made of heavy sod fastened to the substantial framework of whalebone which formed the skeleton of the barrabora. There were no doors. When the Aleut boy went out hunting or fishing, he climbed nimbly up a



ladder and then through an opening in the roof, like a ship's hatch, or the scuttle on one of our houses. This opening did duty for door, window, and chimney. Sizes of the huts varied, but large families lived in each one, so that Aleut boys and girls always had plenty of playmates.

Of course, that was all a long time ago. Nowadays, Aleuts live in white frame houses, or sometimes in cabins built of driftwood and heavy sod banked up around them to keep out the chill mists and rains. It rarely snows on the Aleutians; in fact, the grass sometimes remains green the whole year through. The climate and scenery remind one of Scotland, only on the Aleutians there are lazily smoking volcanos in the background. Moors and lakes remind one of Scotland, too, and so do the sheep, for on Unalaska and Umnak Islands are herds of thousands of these animals. They produce some of the finest wool in the world, as climate and conditions are well-suited to them.

If the islands should ever be exploited industrially, the lakes that freckle them could furnish practically unlimited water power. And the Aleutians are rich enough in undeveloped wealth to support a much larger population even than originally dwelt there. Today many of the islands are entirely uninhabited.

What became of the ancient Aleuts? First of all, they were great fighters. Island was always making war on island, with consequent slaughter. The first thing an Aleut boy learned was to fight. The islanders defended themselves bravely against the invading Russians, but their primitive weapons were no good against guns and gunpowder. Diseases killed off many that remained. A few adapted themselves to new conditions, and intermarried with their Russian conquerors. For many years after we bought Alaska from Russia nobody paid much attention to the Aleutians, and the people went along just as they were, not even bothering to learn English.

Nowadays, we're waking up to the importance of these islands, when it is almost too late. The United States Navy constructed an imposing base at Dutch Harbor, and an advanced listening post at Kiska, which is now in the hands of the Japanese. Some of the islands are quite rocky, but others, such as Adak, have wide, sandy beaches where planes could land. Attu Island is less than 600 miles from Russian territory, and 765 miles from Japan's northernmost naval base. It is as way stations in the hop from Alaska, either to Japan or Soviet Russia, that these stepping stone islands are so valuable. And that is why the Japanese invasion has made them front page news.

## "Old Ironsides" of the Arctic

(Continued from page 38)

vast forests in the Northwest, but she rode out the storm and came safely to port. The only damage was a small leak in a bunker where shifting coal had started a seam.

For forty-three years the *Bear* served the Coast Guard in Alaska, and then was replaced by the *Northland*, a much more modern type of cutter, built of steel with a hull specially designed to withstand the assault of the ice pack, and equipped with powerful Diesel engines to enable the ship to drive through any floe. The Coast Guard flag came down from the *Bear*, and she was placed out of commission in 1928. For a time, the city of Oakland, California, used the ship as a marine museum. But her seafaring days were not yet ended, for Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd purchased her, rechristened her the *Bear of Oakland* and took her with him on his second expedition to the Antarctic.

In the South Polar seas the ship proved as indomitable in the battle with the ice as she had been for many years at the opposite pole. The veteran cutter was as staunch as ever, and so when Admiral Byrd returned from Antarctica he turned the vessel over to the United States Government. Again the ship was named the *Bear* and placed in commission by the Navy. This time, however, she was not sent to patrol the shores of Bering Sea, but those of Greenland, a region not far from those desolate Arctic wastes where the cutter had first won fame in 1884 by the rescue of Lieutenant Greely and his comrades. In those Greenland waters, now under the patrol of the United States Navy, the *Bear* stands guard, a wooden ship that has outlasted many more recently built ships of iron and steel. No wonder the crew call the *Bear* "Old Ironsides of the Arctic," for few ships have had so long and adventurous a career.



PUBLICITY

# News Parade

ENROLLMENT



**ENROLLMENT FOR SERVICE**—November 1 to 15. Junior Red Cross members have never before had so many opportunities for service, and, when some 14,000,000 members put their shoulders to the wheel, big things can be accomplished. Your Junior Red Cross Chairman and the teacher-sponsor in your school will be glad to give you a job to do in enrolling your schoolmates for service. Here are some of the ways boys and girls in cities and towns have helped to put the Junior Red Cross enrollment over the top. Your News for last November will give you lots of other ideas.



In Norfolk, Virginia, each day's progress was chalked up on charts or posters of different types. Patrick Henry School made a poster which showed a thermometer with a red cross at the bottom. Each day the "mercury" climbed higher and higher, and, when one hundred per cent enrollment was reached, the red lines broke through the top. Laura Titus School members made a poster with the words, "The Red Cross—World Agency of Mercy," printed above a large map of both hemispheres. Under the maps were flags of twenty-one nations, one for each room in the school. Then, as each schoolroom enrolled, a Junior Red Cross representative dashed down to the bulletin board in the hall, and placed the room number alongside the favorite flag of the class. Holy Trinity members outlined a red cross on a poster of white. As each grade enrolled, a cardboard square was pinned into position, until finally the red cross was completed.

In Springfield, Massachusetts, Brightwood



Last year, J. R. C. members at Vine Street School, Hollywood, California, marched to band music to enroll for service

School took charge of an assembly based on the story of the origin of the Red Cross, during which they displayed the flag of Switzerland and of the Red Cross, and told the story of Henri Dunant. This year, members will want to tell the twenty-five-year story of the Junior Red Cross.

For the opening of J. R. C. Roll Call in Cleveland, Ohio, a program directed entirely by members was presented for the public at one of the large department stores. Junior Red Cross services were described, and a movie short showing Red Cross activities generally was part of the program.

Junior Red Cross Enrollment for Service was an all-school activity in Goodrich School, Akron, Ohio. When it was all over, second-graders gave a special assembly program in honor of new J. R. C. members, to acquaint them with the purpose of the organization and the opportunities which it opens for boys and girls to serve their school, their community, their nation and their world.



TWO PICTURES on page 42 represent a real Red Cross service carried on these days. All along our coast-



BICYCLE CORPS

PRODUCTION FOR  
THE ARMED FORCES

GIFT BOXES



VICTORY GARDENS



lines, chapters are making themselves responsible for the emergency care of shipwreck survivors. Steaming hot, energy-building foods are served by Red Cross Canteen Corps; clothing, shelter, and medical care are provided. Patients needing hospitalization are transported by Motor Corps. The story is told of one Brazilian seaman standing wearily on the gangplank of a rescue ship at Norfolk, Virginia. Suddenly his face brightened, he straightened his shoulders, waved his arms, and shouted to a waiting group on the dock, "Hello, Red Cross!" Merchant seamen, like our armed forces, are coming to rely more and more on the Red Cross. All survivors of torpedoed ships are now being supplied with emergency clothing kits—the kits are part of the regular stores of the Navy's inshore patrol boats, convoy escorts, and other vessels engaged in rescue work. The kit will include heavy underwear, socks, a pair of slacks, slippers, and a sweatshirt, as well as a toothbrush, toothpaste, a safety razor, and shaving cream. As we go to press, news comes that the Red Cross will supply torpedoed seamen with buoyant, waterproof bags holding a flashlight,

cigarettes, matches, food, water, and medicine. Navy patrol blimps will drop the bags to survivors in lifeboats and rafts.

The Red Cross Chapter at Norfolk, Virginia, has been doing a fine job in caring for shipwreck victims. As their share, J. R. C. members, ever since last February, have been collecting soap, towels and washcloths for the use of survivors.



**SAN FRANCISCO**, California, members were busy as could be all during the summer months making Treasure Chests to be placed in centers for evacuated children coming to San Francisco from Hawaii and the Philippines, and also for use in disaster relief centers throughout the city. Some were even put on a ship setting out to bring children home to this country from Australia.

The boxes have four compartments, filled with toys for boys and girls anywhere from toddler age to the ten-year-olds. The chests have hinged tops and side handles and rollers. The compartments, with tiers, carry in the first section wooden pull-toys; in the second, books, including scrapbooks; in the third, all kinds of quiet-time games, including jigsaw puzzles and crayons; and in the fourth, cloth animals and dolls. Boys made the chests, and girls made and dressed dolls and cloth animals. Boys helped to stuff the cloth toys.



**IN DADE COUNTY**, Florida, J. R. C. members have helped to supply afghans, clothing, and small personal gifts for refugees brought into Miami.

Which reminds us of a story that came into the office the other day. J. R. C. members of McKinley School in San Diego had worked terribly hard to complete an afghan for boys and girls in England's air raid shelters. Finally the day came when it was shipped off to the Red Cross warehouse for loading with other Red Cross supplies headed for Great Britain. Then one day a letter came to McKinley School—not from children in England, but from the Red Cross Chapter at Smyrna Beach, Florida. The afghan had been washed up on the shore in a crate of other supplies after the boat on which it had been traveling was torpedoed. The Smyrna Beach Chapter



**Summit, New Jersey**, J. R. C. members painted and sold market baskets for 25c each to add to their Service Fund



WAR ON WASTE



VICTORY BOOK  
CAMPAIGN



NATIONAL  
CHILDREN'S FUND



SCHOOL  
CORRESPONDENCE

had the afghan cleaned, and sent it on the way carrying a water-blurred note reading, "To Our Friends in England."



SINCE the beginning of World War II, some \$250,000 has been spent from your National Children's Fund for the relief of children in the war zones.

Latest gift from the Fund is £3,000 sent to the British Red Cross for the establishment of a convalescent home for child victims of air raids. Because of special disabilities, these boys and girls need more close attention than it is possible to give in the homes for under-fives established by the American Red Cross with the help of the National Children's Fund. (These homes have now been taken over by the Ministry of Health.) The new convalescent home will be in charge of child-care specialists, but all the helpers will be older members of the British Junior Red Cross.

War-orphaned children in Soviet Russia welcomed the shoes which you sent them through the N. C. F. Ten thousand dollars was spent on shoes—7,480 pairs of them.

The American Red Cross has sent to Russia during the past few months shipments valued at millions of dollars. Included were clothing, and drugs, and medical, surgical and hospital supplies. Much of the clothing, of course, was made by J. R. C. members in their home economics classes.



BRITISH Junior Red Cross members are all interested in First Aid these days, just as you are, and these two accounts of how the training has served them in good stead have just come to us in the *British Junior Red Cross Journal*:

"Joan, who had just left school, where she had attended Junior Red Cross First Aid classes, was working on a farm, when a toddler fell and cut its wrist very badly, severing arteries and tendons. Seeing the mother in hysterics, Joan ran upstairs for a clean hand-



Children convalescing in hospitals get lots of pleasure from Halloween masks like these, made by J. R. C. members in Springfield, Missouri

This little English girl had a happy Christmas, thanks to the toys she received in a J. R. C. Gift Box



kerchief, bound the wrist very firmly, put the arm in a sling, and carried the baby to the doctor, who told her that her prompt action in stopping the bleeding had saved the baby's life.

"The second case was that of a girl of thirteen, who saved a London policeman's life. Seeing him in difficulties, she at once swam out with a raft to his help. She has been awarded the Royal Society's Certificate."



THOUSANDS upon thousands of children, like the little girl in the picture above, will be looking forward to J.R.C. gift boxes. Don't delay another minute getting them packed and ready for shipment. Because of ice-locked harbors, the boxes for Alaska must be shipped well ahead of the others. Pacific Coast members know this, and each year take pride in having the gifts for Alaska ready right on the dot. Fifty-seven hundred of the boxes are headed for Alaska right now. Every school where package delivery is possible will be remembered.

WAR RELIEF  
PRODUCTION



FIRST AID



NUTRITION



ACCIDENT  
PREVENTION



# Alonsito and the Three Quests

## Part II

### The Quest of the Peanut Straw from a Burro's Tail

Joandre

Pictures by Leo Politi

**T**HAT night the Golden King came again and spoke of the second quest.

"You have done well, Alonsito. You have been both brave and kind today. You are ready for the second journey which will take a great deal of wisdom. Bring me a straw from a burro's tail."

Alonsito shouted with laughter.

"Ho! That will be easy! All burros have straws in their tails. I can bring you hundreds of straws."

"Hundreds of *peanut* straws?" asked the King.

"Well, no . . . I don't know. What is a peanut straw, Golden King?"

The Golden King explained that a peanut straw was made of the roots and stems of the peanut plants.

"Here in Mexico," he added, "the people weave many things from peanut straw. So, Alonsito, find me a peanut straw from a burro's tail."

This was indeed a strange quest. "Well, the farmer can help me with this," Alonsito thought. The farmer was working in the fields, but he allowed Alonsito to go to the barn himself to see the burro.

"Be careful. He has been very cross of late. He might kick you," he cau-

tioned. Alonsito went into the barn, and, as he stroked the burro's head, asked him if he could pluck a straw from his tail.

"Go ahead," answered the burro in a gruff voice.

He began to pull out straws: one straw, two straws, fifteen straws, twenty-eight straws.

"That's more like it! That's better!" said the burro suddenly.

Alonsito spoke crossly. "What's better," said he.

"The straws are no longer in my tail. They do tickle, you know. They made me very cross. Now, my boy, what seems to be your difficulty?" The burro gave Alonsito his gravest attention and heard the story of the quest for the Golden King.

"Jump on my back. I am quite well known among the burros of Mexico. If there is a peanut straw to be found in a burro's tail, we will find it."

Away they rode across the countryside, stopping at every farmhouse. They visited the stables at the President's Palace; they paid a call on the oldest man in the mountain, who owned the oldest burro in history. Everywhere the answer was the same.



Away they rode across the countryside, stopping at every farmhouse



"Sorry, no peanut straw."

"You might try the valley ranch."

"No. I can't help you."

Toward sundown the two travelers came to the market. Most of the people had already gathered their things and gone home, except one little girl who was running around peeking under blankets and pots and baskets. She was crying over and over:

"I've lost my doll. I've lost my doll. Oh, oh, oh!"

The little burro gave Alonsito a big, solemn wink, and together they went up to the little girl.

"We'll help you find your doll. Tell us, please. What does it look like."

So, between the big tears, the little girl described her doll.

"First, it is a burro. And on the back of the burro is riding a little boy. I shall cry forever if I do not find my dolly, for my father made it especially for me. It took him a long time, for he had to weave it of peanut straw."

"Peanut straw!" shouted the burro and Alonsito in one breath. Off the three of them went, searching all over the market place. It was the little burro who finally found the doll. He came trotting up to Alonsito and the girl, holding it gently and proudly between his teeth.

The little girl hugged the doll, and



It was the burro who finally found the doll. He came trotting up to Alonsito and the girl, holding it gently between his teeth. "Oh, thank you, thank you," the little girl cried. "You must have a reward! What do you want?"

Alonsito, and the burro all at the same time.

"Oh, thank you, thank you," she cried. "You must have a reward! What do you want, burro?"

"I am helping my friend, Alonsito," the burro answered. "Tell her what you want, Alonsito." For the second time that day, Alonsito told the story of the quest for the Golden King. When he finished he said, sadly, "So you see, all I want is a peanut straw from a burro's tail."

"Then you shall have it!" More

quickly than you could see her do it, she pulled from the tail of her straw burro one slim, straight peanut straw.

"Here is your reward, Alonsito. One peanut straw from a burro's tail!"

### Part III: The Quest of the Tin Eyebrow

This was the night of the Golden King's third visit. The moonlight came through the window, making his golden hair seem silver as he talked to Alonsito and explained the third quest. This time the Golden King wanted Alonsito to find a tin eyebrow.

"Would the tin eyebrow come from the face of a tin man?" asked Alonsito.

"That I can not tell you, Alonsito. But, if you remember to be wise, you will have no trouble finding the tin eyebrow. Can you tell me again the four things you must be if you wish to be a hero?"

"I must be brave, kind, wise, and honest." Alonsito had said these words so many times that he could never forget them.

"Remember . . . remember . . .," said the Golden King as he faded into the moonlight.

The sun was high in the sky before Alonsito started out to find the tin eyebrow, for he spent all morning wondering where to go. He decided, finally, to take the road to Mexico City, for, if anyone knew of a tin man, it would be the wise men who lived there. It was a hot and tiring journey, so, on reaching the city, Alonsito sat down to rest on the steps of a big building. As he rested, he saw carved above the door the words "National Museum." Now Alonsito had

heard a great deal of this wonderful museum, but had never seen it. For more than an hour he wandered through its cool rooms. What treasures he saw! These were hero's things, the stone calendar carved by the Aztec Indians so long ago, the painting, and stone figures, and right in front of Alonsito's eyes was the face of a tin man! It was true.

"Why, it is a mask made entirely of tin," said Alonsito in wonder. "And it has two curly tin eyebrows."

With that he danced around the room shouting, "Popo, burro's tail, tin eyebrow," not making a bit of sense.

Only then did he realize that the tin eyebrow was after all still in the case made of glass, which after all belonged to the museum.

"I'll buy it," he announced to the empty room. But when he saw the price tag it said: "One thousand pesos."

"Very well," said Alonsito, who had not even one peso and couldn't possibly get a thousand, "I'll steal it!" He looked carefully around him to be sure no one was watching. Then he looked at the glass case to see if it would open. Yes, it would be easy. Quietly and carefully he opened the sliding door of the glass case until he could put his entire hand in and actually touch the tin eyebrow. At that very moment, coming from nowhere, and yet from all around him, he heard what sounded like the voice of the Golden King.

"Honest. Honest. Honest." The same word three times, and that was all.

Alonsito ran out of the room to the steps outside where he sat down to think.

"Now, Alonsito," he said to himself, "the Golden King asked you to find a tin eyebrow. Very well. You found the tin

eyebrow. But the Golden King also said you must be honest. I don't think the Golden King would like it at all if you were to steal the tin eyebrow, for that would not be honest."

Alonsito thought some more. He again looked at the beautiful tin eyebrow.

"No. I will go home without the tin eyebrow, for I know the Golden King would rather have me be honest than have the tin eyebrow."

A very wonderful thing happened to Alonsito that night when he was safe in his red bed. Hundreds of golden lights filled his room, and each golden light melted into a golden throne, and on each golden throne sat a hero of Mexico. Alonsito could count the ones he knew: There was Montezuma, the glorious Aztec Indian chief; beside him was Juarez, the wise man who saved Mexico from the rule of the French; and there was Father de las Casas, the

beloved priest. Zapata, the soldier who fought for "land and liberty," was there. In the middle, the greatest and most wonderful of them all, sat the Golden King. Beside him was an empty Golden Throne. The king spoke: "Alonsito, you have done well. You have proved

to me that you are a brave, wise, kind boy. And in the last quest you were very honest. All of the heroes of Mexico are proud of you. I shall no longer visit you, but in my place I will leave this silver ring. Wear it always, that you may some day sit on this throne in the Land of the Sun."

To this day Alonsito wears the silver ring,

and carries the words of the Golden King in his heart. Do you know what he is doing? He is not a great lawmaker, he is not a king, nor is he a famous soldier.

Alonsito is teaching other girls and boys to be kind, brave, wise, and honest.



What treasures he saw! There was the calendar stone carved by Aztec Indians long ago, the red jaguar throne, and right in front of Alonsito was a tin man

## Beauty

BEAUTY moves  
Like a dancer,  
Or water falling.  
But sometimes

It is still,  
It does not move—  
Like a silver necklace  
Or a sand painting.\*

\* Sand paintings are pictures made on the ground with colored sand by Indian medicine men. A sand painting is always destroyed before sundown. Navajos are famous for their silverwork.

—From "The Colored Land," written by Navajo Children. By permission of the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.





A committee for the Aiken Day School dog show, Aiken, S. C., counts the \$121 it earned for J. R. C.



Steele School members, Baldwin, N. Y., made and sold animal toys of cloth and wood for funds

COURTESY HEMPSTEAD NEWSDAY

## FUND RAISING CAN BE FUN!

These pictures show ways by which J. R. C. members have earned money for the Service Fund, the National Children's Fund, and for general J. R. C. purposes. Raise funds throughout the year to finance a planned program, through your own efforts and sacrifice. Don't ask your parents for a penny. They are already contributing to the Red Cross, buying War Bonds, making pledges to the Community Chest, and giving to other agencies working in the national war effort. Your J. R. C. Chairman can get from the area office of the American Red Cross, a list of ways you can earn money. Here are the area office

CHRONICLE-SUN PHOTO BY ELIZABETH FREEMAN



Shady Hill School boys, Cambridge, Mass., turned cooks, sold dozens of cookies for the N. C. F.

addresses, with the names of Junior Red Cross Directors:

North Atlantic Area: Mr. E. A. Richards, 300 Fourth Ave., N. Y. C. Eastern Area: Mr. H. M. Bell, 615 N. St. Asaph St., Alexandria, Va. Midwestern Area: Mr. R. E. Gillette, 1709 Washington Ave., St. Louis, Mo. Pacific Area: Mr. M. C. Schafer, Civic Auditorium, Larkin and Grove Sts., San Francisco, Calif.

The little boy below, from Wilson School, Oklahoma City, Okla., enjoys his last ice cream cone. From now on, his ice cream money goes to J. R. C.

LOS ANGELES TIMES PHOTO BY JOHN G. COPELAND



This boy from Los Angeles, Calif., picked lemons from his home orchard for a fruit sale at school

COURTESY OKLAHOMA CITY TIMES



